JONES OF LONDON

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JONES
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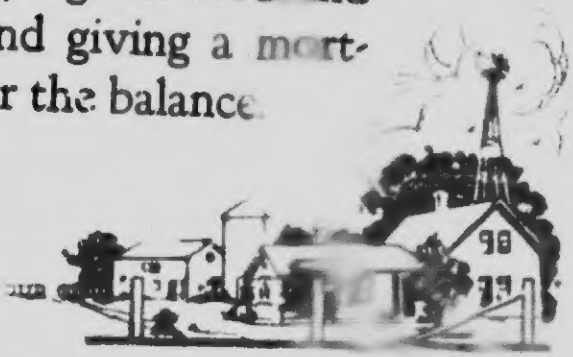
JONES *of* LONDON

DOWN near London, Ont., several years ago lived a man by the name of Jones—that isn't his real name, but we'll call him Jones, anyway. About ten miles from town, he bought a farm for three thousand dollars, paying one thousand cash and giving a mortgage for the balance.

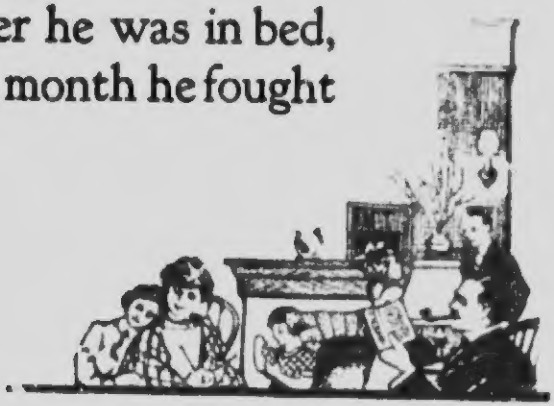


—he bought a

Jones was married and had three boys and a girl, all youngsters. Like all Canadian farmers, they worked hard and late to make things go in the right way and to pay off the debt. They sent the youngsters to school for they wanted them to have every advantage. They believed in education, and they believed in having modern conveniences.

For over three years they worked hard on the farm and improved the buildings and the land. The profits from the crops and stock went back into the place, for they were building for the future.

Coming back from London late one fall day during a nasty drizzling rain, Jones caught cold. A few days later he was in bed, and for a month he fought



—had three boys and a girl

to get well, but it was a losing fight and he finally died.

A few weeks after the funeral, Mrs. Jones prepared to sell everything and leave the farm, for she knew that there would be no chance for her to pay off the two-thousand-dollar mortgage and educate the children. In going through one of the desks, destroying some

old letters and papers, she came across a life assurance policy.

She told me, "At first I was going to destroy it for I didn't think John had any assurance; he had never mentioned it to me. But I thought I would see what it was and so I took the policy out and read it. You can imagine my surprise when I found that it was a policy *in force*, and

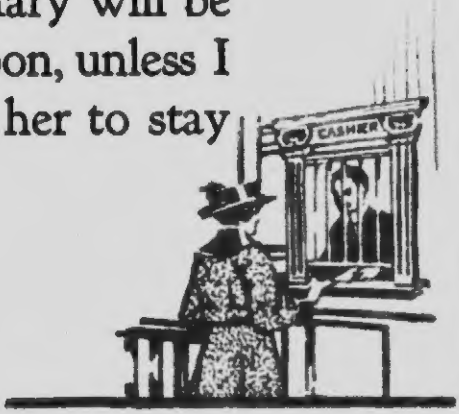
—was going to destroy it

for two thousand dollars. What did I do? The first thing was to sit down and have a good cry. It made me miss John more than ever, because he was always doing some little thing for me, and then to have him think of what might happen and provide for it—well, it was hard to have him away.

"No, I didn't sell out. I paid the mortgage and hired an

extra man to help with the place, going in for dairy products, garden truck and poultry. You can see we have made the place pay.

"We have a fine place here—two of the boys have gone to work, one is in the bank at London and another is in Toronto. I'm afraid that Mary will be leaving me soon, unless I can persuade her to stay



—plenty of money in the bank

here and live—one of the men I've had here for several years has asked for her, and I guess she's going to make him happy.

"I've often wondered what would have become of us if we hadn't had the policy John left—sometimes I shudder to think of the education the children would have had. But we are happy and we've made good. The place is

ours and there is plenty of money in the bank to take care of incidentals."

So, you see, John didn't die. He merely moved off to a higher level and his spirit worked on in the heart of his widow. The money he left gave the family the help they needed to carry on his work—there was merely the reconstruction.

—the money he left

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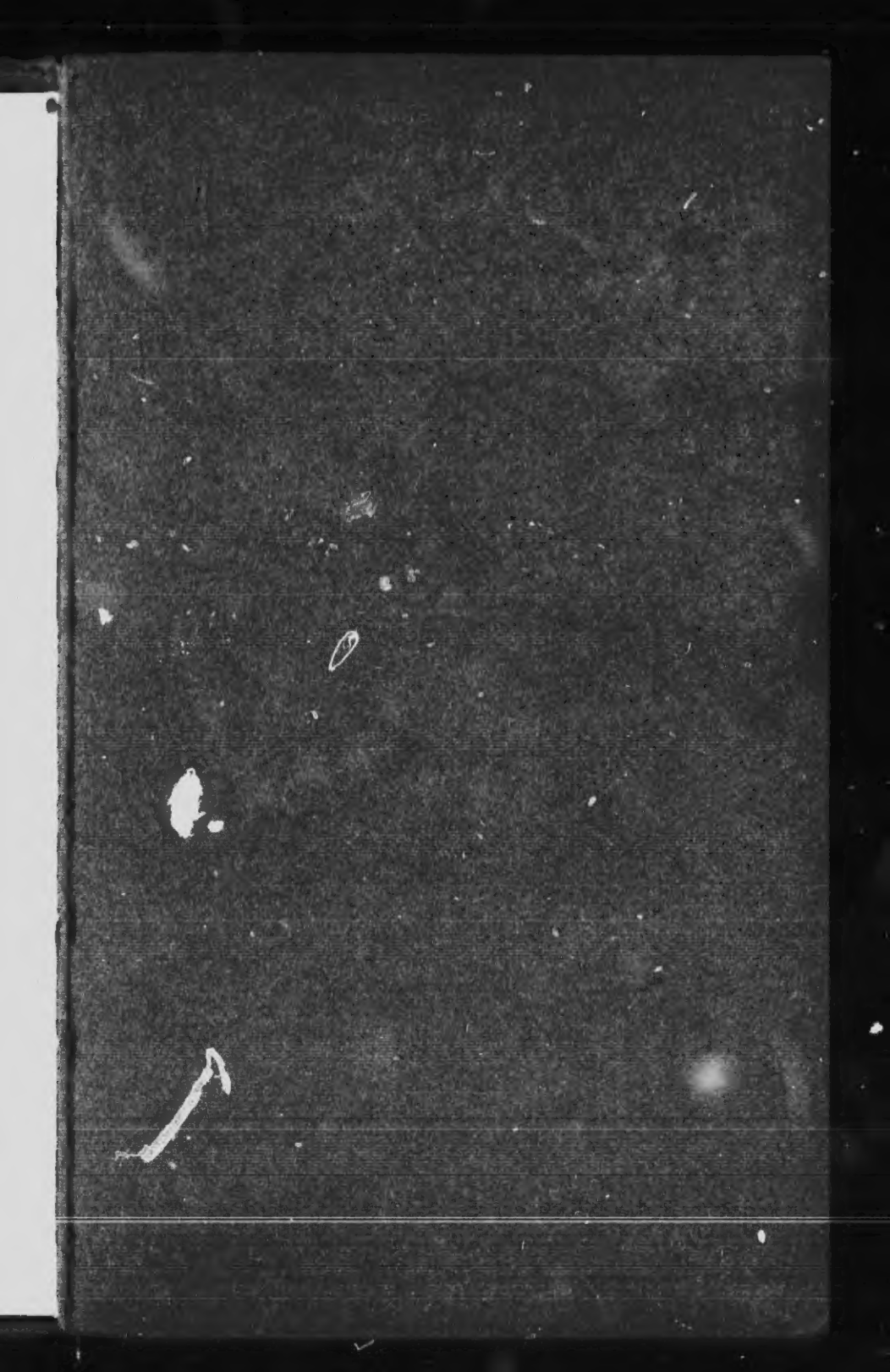

The Herald Press and Advertising Agency,
Montreal and Toronto